A sheaf of remembrances /

Rebecca Marshall Cathcart.

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I have heard it said that the most uneventful life, if carefully written up, would make an interesting book, and I have been persuaded to prove this statement.

My life has seemed to me to have experienced little beyond ordinary, commonplace events, yet, at the earnest request of my children, and overcoming my extreme dislike for the manual drudgery of writing, I shall try to jot down some reminiscences of my childhood in Illinois and Wisconsin, as well as those of later years in St. Paul, Minnesota, hoping to interest those who care for early memories of our city.

My earliest remembrances are those in frontier life. My great-grandparents, both paternal and maternal, came from the north of Ireland and were what is known as Scotch-Irish. They came to this country in the eighteenth century and settled near Philadelphia. I know very little about their lives, as they were too busy trying to establish homes to keep any record of daily experiences.

My paternal grandfather, David Marshall, visited Kentucky before the War of the Revolution; at the outbreak of the war he enlisted and served throughout the war in the Pennsylvania troops under Gen. Anthony Wayne;after peace was declared, he married Sarah Graham, and bride and groom started for their future home in Kentucky on horseback, making the entire journey in that way. They bade good-bye to their relatives,

never expecting to see them again; however, a sister of my grandmother married and went to Lexington to live some years later. A descendant of hers, James Fisher Robinson, was governor of Kentucky during a part of the Civil War, in 1862–3.

We often talk and tell stories of heroes during the forming 516 of the West, but there were heroines as well, and I always think of my grandmother Marshall as one of that number. In 1872 I visited my ancestor's home in Kentucky; the farm on which my grandfather located was near Paris, Bourbon county. While I was there, one among many incidents which my mother had told me as happening there was forcibly brought to my mind; it occurred soon after the birth of my grandmother's eldest child. The first settlers had built their log cabins of one room near together as a protection from the Indians, and these little settlements were called stations; each cabin had a hole in the wall closed with a wooden plug, and every morning before opening the door the occupant would look out of this opening to see if any Indians were around. On the morning of this incident my grandfather looked out, as usual, and saw an Indian with his gun pointed at the door of the adjoining cabin. He took down his rifle, loaded it, asked my grandmother to hold a charge in her hand, and then, not wishing to frighten her, said he saw a deer; he fired and wounded the Indian, whereupon other Indians appeared and carried off the wounded one. The settlers were roused by the noise of the shot and traced the trail of the Indians a long way by the drops of blood, but could not catch up with them. I was much interested in visiting the cabin, which was then used as a chicken house and was still standing on its original site on the farm owned by my grandfather, and in actually looking through the very hole through which my grandfather fired.

My maternal grandfather was Samuel Shaw; I know he lived in Carlisle, Pa., and married my grandmother there, her maiden name being Rebecca Lowry Black; I was named Rebecca Lowry after her. My mother, named Abigail, was born in Carlisle, February 19, 1789, and was eight years old when her father and mother moved to Kentucky. My

grandfather Shaw located on a farm near my grandfather Marshall, and both families grew up together in the famous “blue grass region.”

In the year 1820 a number of families emigrated from Kentucky to Ohio and Missouri; my father and mother were among the emigrants and went to Missouri. They located on a farm near Boonville, and there the four younger children were born, 517 two sons, Joseph Miller and William Rainey, and two daughters, Sarah Jane and myself, Rebecca Lowry.

In 1830 my grandfather Shaw, having become dissatisfied with slavery, decided to remove to a free state and Illinois attracted him; he went to Quincy with his family, consisting of five grown children, his wife having died, and located on a farm three miles out of the village, where he died in 1832.

My father had financial reverses in Missouri,chiefly owing to the burning of a large barn stored with tobacco, and he decided to join my mother's family at Quincy. I was born on May 30, 1830, and in the following September my father moved to Quincy. They traveled, as all emigrants did in those days, in covered wagons during the daytime, and camped out at night. My father bought a farm in the vicinity of grandfather Shaw, but before he was able to move onto it he was taken ill with typhoid fever and died, leaving my mother with six children, the eldest one twelve years old, and the youngest, myself, six months. Now came the time to show what a heroine my mother was; she moved to the farm with her small children that fall, and the first winter proved a terrible one for her. She and all the family had the ague, as indeed all the inhabitants of that region were subject to chills and fever; my mother had a chill every alternate day, and on the intervening well day she worked hard to get ready for the sick day. I was so ill that my aunts kept me at my grandfather's place; no one thought I would live, nor desired me to live, as it was deemed I could not have good sense should I live; yet now I am well and vigorous after eighty-three years of active life.

In 1832 an epidemic of cholera visited the country and was particularly severe in Quincy and the surrounding district. My grandfather Shaw and my oldest brother were stricken with the dread disease, and both died the same day; my aunts were helpless from fright, and my mother had everything to do; she prepared them for the burial, and returned from the funeral to take up her burden again. One of her neighbors, Mr. Edward Pearson, helped her in every way he could, and they both nursed cholera patients without catching the disease.

My mother's next trial was the death of the eldest of the remaining children from fever; after this she rented the farm 518 and moved into the village of Quincy. My first recollections begin when I was about five years old; our family numbered five, my mother, two brothers, aged nine and eleven, a sister seven years old, and myself; my sister died in her eighth year. My brothers and I attended a school taught by Mr. Stafford and his sister, situated near where we lived; I must have learned to read at this early age, as I can never remember the time when I could not read. Mr. Stafford's mother taught me to work a sampler also, and I well recollect how patient the dear old lady was, how stupid I was, and how many tears I shed; I have thought ever since it was a mistake to teach children too young. From the time I was nine years old until I was fourteen, I was very fortunate in attending a school kept by a lady of fine character and education; she was a Mrs. Thornton, and I feel that I owe all I know to her faithful teaching.

My mother was a strict disciplinarian; with her to speak was to be obeyed. I remember one instance: my brother William was very easily provoked to laughter, and one day began laughing in school; the teacher demanded to know what caused him such mirth; my brother's answer did not please the teacher, and he gave him a severe whipping. My brother felt that the teacher was unjust, so he took his books and went home; mother heard his complaint, and then took down a whip and told him to return to school, which he did. The teacher afterward acknowledged he was wrong, and begged my brother's

forgiveness. In those days discipline was strictly maintained, and there was no need of parental schools.

My mother had two brothers who served in the Black Hawk War; one died during the war, and the other retired with the rank of captain; he lived in the mining region of Wisconsin, about twelve miles from Galena; Illinois. My brother Joseph went to live with this uncle when he was sixteen, and in a year or two my brother William joined him; this left my mother and me alone.

In the spring of 1844 mother and I visited my brothers, and we remained with them a year; to me it was a year full of physical benefit, as the great freedom from school, and out-of-door life at a period when I was growing rapidly, established 519 my health, and I think my four score years are due to this one year spent in the lead mining district of Wisconsin.

We returned to Quincy in the spring of 1845, and I again took up my school duties; but my good, efficient teacher, Mrs. Thornton, had gone to Oregon, and the school seemed to be run to support the teacher, not to educate the pupils. I made very little progress, and have always felt that I was defrauded of the education I ought to have had.

In 1849 my brothers left Wisconsin and went to the new territory of Minnesota. In May of that year my brother William came for mother and me, and, much to my delight, we started for our new home. We came by steamboat to Galena, and then changed to another boat for the upper Mississippi. The trip in those days was delightful; the boats were large, the captains were gentlemen, and the food was of the best. Since traffic by railroad has been introduced, all this has been changed.

Our trip up the river was made at the most favorable time of the year, and most of each day was spent on the hurricane deck; the scenery of the upper Mississippi was grand, far surpassing the Hudson. I feel very sorry for people who traverse Europe for the purpose of enjoying grand scenery and have never looked upon the magnificent bluffs of the Mississippi river. Our boat, the Lady Franklin, with Captain Smith in command, landed at

Mendota the morning of the tenth of May, 1849, for Mendota was then of more importance than St. Paul. Mr. Sibley, afterward Governor and General, lived there; as he was the delegate to Congress from the territory of Minnesota, his residence and influence had made Mendota a place of prime importance. After lying there most of the day to discharge freight, the Lady Franklin brought us to St. Paul, as all our passengers were bound for this point.

The only hotel here was a small one built partly of logs and partly of frame work, called the St. Paul House; it was situated on the corner of Third and Jackson streets, on the site of the present Merchants' Hotel. Besides being the only hotel, it was also the post office, and Mr. J. W. Bass was both landlord and post master. Here we were crowded like sardines in a box, and some of the younger members among the passengers 520 had to sleep on the floor, I among the number. One of the passengers was a Mrs. Parker from Boston, the future landlady of the American House then being built.

Those days are very vivid in my memory. The morning after our arrival a Miss Bishop introduced herself to us as the school teacher, and asked my mother and me to take a walk with her and see the village, I might say, the Indian village. Our walk took us up a high hill at the rear of the hotel, from which we had a splendid view of the bluffs on either side of the river as far as to Fort Snelling. All the surrounding country was in its primitive state, and the prospect was a glorious one; as we gazed around there came to our notice Dayton's bluff (but not Dayton's then) on the east; what is now Summit avenue on the west; and the Wabasha bluff on the north. Could anything be grander than the view at that time? Who could imagine then that this little French and Indian village would one day become one of the largest and most important cities of the Northwest? Oh, if our future citizens could have realized this great fact, how much more wisely would they have wrought! The Third street bluff might have been kept intact as a boulevard for all time, and Summit avenue could have been laid out so as not to destroy the bluff line. God did everything for our city, but man's greed has defaced the Creator's work.

The second day after our arrival a party was made up to visit St. Anthony Falls, noted from the time it was discovered by Father Hennepin on his voyage down the river in 1680. We drove up the river until opposite Fort Snelling, and then lost our way; no one in the party knew the road, but after going through the woods for some distance we finally struck the right path between St. Paul and St. Anthony. During our drive we saw several deer, and realized we were indeed in the wilderness. The thunder of the falling water reached our ears long before we came to the famous cataract; but when at last our eyes saw the great volume of water that rushed over the precipice, the sight surpassed all our expectations. It was superb; no one can realize now anything of the grandeur of the scene as it was then; no wonder that the poor Indian worshipped the Great Spirit of the cataract. But here again man has destroyed 521 for utilitarian purposes what the savage worshipped.

The only building, except sawmills, at the Falls of St. Anthony at that time, May 11, 1849, was a boarding house for the mill hands. Two sawmills were operated on the east side just below Nicollet island; several small buildings were in the process of erection, however, and among them a one-story frame house was being built by my brothers, Joseph M. and William R. Marshall. The front room was intended to be used as a general country store, and the rooms back of that for a residence; it was the only plastered house in the village. Today the Pillsbury “A” mill stands near the site of that early home, and the little village of 1849–50 has long since been swallowed up in the progress and enterprise which have built the stirring city of Minneapolis.

After remaining a few weeks in St. Paul, waiting for our house to be finished, we moved to St. Anthony. We had very little furniture, as everything had to be hauled by team from St. Paul; aside from merchantable things, only what was absolutely necessary for our living was taken over; our dining table all summer was a dry goods box, although my mother had brought fine mahogany furniture with her, tables, chairs, sofas, bureaus, washstands, and dining-room set. Governor Ramsey wished to buy the parlor set, offering my mother several hundred dollars for it; my brothers urged her to sell it and buy real estate, but

she said that she had but a few years to live and she wished to live those few years respectably. Part of this furniture is still preserved by the family as an heirloom.

The summer of '49 was a most interesting period in my life. I had been raised under the strict rules laid down by the straitest sect of the Presbyterians, and had never been to a dance, theater, or any place of amusement supposed to have the Evil One for a patron. Here I was like one let out of prison, and each day was one of joy and gladness. People were pouring into the Territory; every steamboat's passenger list was full; every stage arriving in the village of St. Anthony was crowded with tourists; some came to settle, others to spy out the land. The stage stopped within a few rods of our house, and the tourists always crossed from our side of the river to Hennepin island, on a foot bridge, in order to get the 522 best view of the Falls. They were invariably enraptured with the sight; as I have said, the fall of water at this time was grand, the river not being obstructed with logs, and the precipice over which the river dashed not having broken away. My brothers had inherited the hospitable spirit of our Southern ancestors, and our home, poor as it was, became a center of entertainment; and thus it was that those travelers from the far East partook of our meager fare, with many thanks, all the recompense asked. It is a great source of regret to me that I did not keep a visitor's book during the years of 1849–50, as so many distinguished people were our guests during those years, some spending two or three days, while others took only one meal.

Our guests were not all white citizens, however, for many a time when I was busy in the house I became conscious that some one was near me, and on looking around I saw a half dozen Indians inside the door; their moccasined feet had not made the slightest noise. It was not very pleasant to have such visitors, although they were perfectly harmless; they were inveterate beggars, and would never leave until you gave them something to eat. After a while I learned to keep the outside door locked.

Altogether that first summer in our new home was delightful, but we all dreaded the approach of winter. It would be at least five months after the close of navigation before

it would be resumed, and during that time we should be practically prisoners, our only means of communication with the rest of the world being by stage, a very hard and dangerous journey in any direction.

A great number of young men from eastern cities came also that first summer; most of them settled in St. Paul, commercial life appealing to them more than manufacturing. Many succeeded in business, went back east to marry, and returned with their brides; few, very few, of these founders of our commonwealth are now living, but their children and grandchildren are our present active citizens. Fortunately for our new Territory, the rough class which emigrated to Colorado, Montana, and the territories farther west, did not come to Minnesota, there being no mineral resources to attract them.

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Governor Ramsey and the other territorial officers came in May, 1849. Most of those officials were old war horses, who had been living on politics the greater part of their lives; although many of them were men of ability, I am sorry to say that in many respects they did not prove shining examples. Ramsey was an exception; he had plenty of good common sense, and though not as brilliant, perhaps, as some of the judges, he was a safe man and made a most excellent governor, never, however, losing sight of the political outlook and the part he was to play. He was most fortunate in having a charming wife, to whom was due much of his success, and of whom I shall have more to say later.

The American House, with Mrs. Parker as landlady, was headquarters for the territorial officers. Mrs. Parker was a large, handsome woman, rather masculine, but well adapted to conduct the business of a frontier hotel. Hon. Henry M. Rice, afterward delegate to Congress and United States senator, was the principal owner of the American House, and he had secured her as landlady; there was a Mr. Parker, but he was chiefly known as Mrs. Parker's husband. When the hotel was first opened, it was called the Rice House, and it continued to be so called until there arose a quarrel between Mr. Rice and Mrs. Parker. I do not know the cause of it, but I know that Mrs. Parker felt so bitter that she practiced

at a mark for weeks, declaring her intention of shooting Mr. Rice. Finally, however, she gave up her desire for blood, and revenged herself by changing the name of the hotel from Rice House to the American House, and later it was burned down. Mrs. Parker built a fine dwelling on Irvine Park, was confirmed in Christ Church, and lived to an honorable old age.

St. Anthony was first settled by lumbermen who came from the vicinity of Bangor, Maine; they were a sturdy, honest, and industrious class of men. We were the only family of Southern lineage, but my brothers were also typical pioneers, with plenty of enterprise and endurance. Brother William, although not then twenty-four years of age, became a leader in both business and political affairs. He surveyed and platted the village of St. Anthony in the autumn of 1849, and named the streets.

The inhabitants being also God-fearing men and anxious for mental improvement, built a schoolhouse, which was to be used as a church and lecture hall as well as for school purposes. The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist ministers from St. Paul came over on alternate Sundays to hold service in this building, and my mother always gladly entertained them from Saturday night until Monday morning.

St. Paul and St. Anthony united to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1849, with a parade, a banquet, and a ball. The army corps from Ft. Snelling was invited to join in the parade, and indeed it really was the parade, but I was too busy preparing for the ball to see it myself. The oration of the day was delivered by Judge Meeker in a grove on the site of Rice Park; the banquet was held in the American House in the afternoon; and the ball was in the same place in the evening. These festivities also marked the opening of the American House. The élite of both villages attended the ball, and as the men outnumbered the women there were no wall flowers throughout the evening.

Just before supper was served, my attention was attracted to a group of ladies who had entered the dining-room; they were Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. H. M. Rice, and Mrs.

Steele. I do not think four handsomer women could have been found in the United States. Mrs. Ramsey was easily distinguished from the others, however, on account of her regal bearing, and she immediately captured my admiration to the exclusion of the others; but meeting the other three at a later date, and seeing how beautiful they were, I wondered how I could have been so partial that evening.

The first Territorial Legislature met in St. Paul in the fall of 1849; it met in the Central House, a boarding house near Third street and what are now Cedar and Minnesota streets. Besides being a hotel, it was also the place where many society functions were held. My brother William was a member of this legislature and frequently walked from St. Anthony to St. Paul to attend to his public duties. This was the legislature which decided the location of the Capitol, the State University, and the State Prison; of course the capitol had been already located in St. Paul by Congress, when General Sibley was our territorial delegate, but many attempts were made to 525 have it moved, and several times the efforts were very nearly successful. My brother earnestly argued for locating the State University at St. Anthony.

A few society people in St. Paul planned to celebrate Christmas, '49, by a sleigh ride to Banfil's on Manomin creek, about nine miles above St. Anthony. I was invited to be one of their guests, and Mr. Whitall, a brother of Mrs. H. M. Rice, was my escort. The sleighing was fine and being well protected with fur robes the drive was delightful to us, and it seemed very short. We arrived at Banfil's in time for an early supper, which consisted of viands that even in these luxurious days would be tempting to the appetite; after supper the dining-room was cleared, and we had a grand dance.

The musicians were colored barbers from St. Paul, and the leader was a large, fine-looking man named Taylor; he had a voice a brigadier general might envy, and as at that time the figures were called off, a clear, strong voice was much sought for. He was killed in the Indian outbreak of '62. This colored band was in great demand in both St. Paul and St. Anthony during several years.

We danced until the wee, small hours of the morning, and then retired for a short rest; after a breakfast equally as appetizing as our supper of the night before, we prepared for our drive home.

An amusing incident occurred just as we were ready to start for home. One of our party was a stalwart, young man, afterward known as Sonny Dayton; he was quite smitten with a young lady whose escort was a Southerner of blue blood, but of diminutive stature. This couple were seated opposite each other when suddenly Mr. Dayton came up to the sleigh, lifted the small escort out, jumped in himself and signaled the driver to start. The Southerner was what was called a fire-eater, and we fully expected coffee and pistols for two, but happily the affair closed without any blood being shed.

When the restraints of an older and long settled community are thrown off, as they are to a large extent in newly settled districts, an unseemly indulgence is often a source of great embarrassment to those of stronger character, and the experience of those early days bore ample testimony to this fact.

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I remember well the New Year's Day of 1850. I was spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rice in St. Paul; early in the morning of this day a delegation of Sioux Indians from the west side of the village, which was still an Indian reservation, called to pay their respects. They shook hands with us, said in English, “Happy New Year,” and then seated themselves on the floor. Mr. Rice sent to the baker's for bread, and gave each one of them a loaf; after staying a short time, they bowed in a very courteous manner and left. During the afternoon several of the territorial officers called; they were gentlemen born and bred, but they had so far forgotten both birth and breeding that they fell far below our savage guests. Mrs. Rice felt so insulted by their behavior that she had what we women call a good cry, when they at last reeled out of her home.

My brother William became greatly interested in some of the young clerks who had fallen under this influence, and brought them to our home to recover from the effects of too much liquor. He persuaded two of them to resign and return to their homes; one of them became a prominent Baptist minister, and the other a famous editor in Dayton, Ohio. They both said they owed their salvation to my brother's efforts in their behalf. My brother was also held in such respect by the territorial officers that during a week when he was a guest at the American House, while busy surveying an addition to St. Paul, no liquor was served at the table; but, to compensate themselves for their self-denial, on the Saturday my brother left, the officials of the Territory had a jamboree and flooded the dining-room as well as themselves with the vile stuff.

In the spring of 1850 the Episcopalians began missionary and pastoral work in the Territory, and the Associate Mission, consisting of three clergymen, Rev. James Lloyd Breck, Rev. Timothy Wilcoxson, and Rev. John A. Merrick, arrived in St. Paul and located on the mission grounds now called Park Place. They organized Christ Church in St. Paul, and planned to visit Stillwater, St. Anthony, and other places, holding service once a Sunday. They walked to these several stations and were faithful workers in God's vineyard. The seed sown then has 527 produced a truly bountiful harvest for the reapers who are now gathering it and sowing again.

One little incident occurred that summer which is worthy of being told. One Sunday we expected the Rev. Mr. Wilcox son to hold service in St. Anthony, and my mother prepared supper for him in her hospitable way, but he did not come. My brothers and I went to church, and found that he had gone directly there. The service began, but in the midst of it Mr. Wilcoxson fainted; the congregation was dismissed, and later, when he was taken to our home, we found out that he had walked from St. Paul and begun the service without having anything to eat; nature was outraged and rebelled. We took the best possible care of him, and the next morning, after a comfortable breakfast, he left us to return to St. Paul.

As a sequel to this, five years later when my mother lay dying in St. Paul, Mr. Wilcoxson comforted her with the Church's prayers and blessing.

A personal experience during this early residence in St. Anthony shows how the unexpected may come to pass. A young man from Boston became the guest of my brother, and being a devout Episcopalian held many an argument with me over our differing religious beliefs, he upholding the “faith once delivered to the saints,” as represented by the Episcopal Church, and I arguing for my mother's form of doctrine, represented by the Presbyterian Church. Finally he ended our argument by saying, “You will some day be a good church-woman, and to help you become such an one I will send you a Book of Common Prayer, and I know you will use it.” I said, “You will only be wasting money, as I will never use it;” but he was as good as his word, and I received a beautifully bound copy of the Prayer Book. In the year 1853 I married a devout churchman, and the prayer book sent was used until it had grown shabby, and it has since been carefully preserved as a memento of former days.

In June, 1850, I enjoyed two interesting and unique river excursions. One was early in that month, when Mrs. North and I were guests on a little steamboat called the Governor Ramsey, on its trial trip up the river; the boat was built above the Falls, to ply on the upper Mississippi, and it was small and 528 of very light draught. We left St. Anthony one morning, the weather being delightful so that we spent all our time on deck under an awning. Captain Rollins, if I am not mistaken, was in charge of the boat; at evening he tied up to the river bank, navigation being so uncertain that the pilot did not dare to proceed during the night. We reached our destination the next day, and, I think, landed at what is now Saint Cloud; at least, it was below Sauk Rapids.

At this time a treaty had been arranged by the Governor between the hostile tribes of Indians, the Sioux and Chippewas, to take place at Fort Snelling; so awaiting our boat were several hundred Chippewas to be transported to the fort. Mr. Beaulieu was the interpreter; he was a French Canadian who had lived many years among the Chippewas,

and had an Indian wife. The Indians came on board, and we steamed down the river on our return trip. Mrs. North and I were much interested in watching our Indian passengers, who were well controlled by their chief; no body of white men could have behaved better. Indians are great admirers of red or curly hair, and my hair, though brown, curled naturally and profusely, and it was so worn according to the fashion of those days. Several of them came to me and lifted my curls in their hands, saying in their native tongue, “Pretty, pretty.” It did not make me feel very comfortable, but I knew that they meant no harm, only admiration, and I didn't resent their familiarity. The homeward trip was charming; the little steamboat stood its trial trip satisfactorily; but it did not prove to be profitable afterward, and it was taken to pieces and transferred to the Red river.

Quite a party of St. Anthony people attended the treaty at Fort Snelling, on the 12th of June. We went in a farmer's wagon and across a prairie where now stands the city of Minneapolis, not a single cabin meeting our eyes in any direction; there were many wild flowers, and the air was fragrant with the wild strawberries. We passed Lake Calhoun and Lake Harriet, and crossed their outlet above Minnehaha Falls. Like St. Anthony Falls, the natural beauty of these lakes and of the picturesque Minnehaha have been partially spoiled by the hand of man.

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It was an interesting scene at the fort; the Chippewas were stationed on the ground inside the fort, when the Sioux marched up the steep hill and circled around their deadly enemies. The commandant had the guns trained on them ready to use if there should be the least outbreak; but the Indians were cowed, knowing the white men had them in their power. The Chippewas were a much finer appearing body of men than the Sioux; and their chief, Hole-in-the-Day, was a dignified, grand looking Indian, reminding one of the Indian chiefs we read about in colonial days.

Governor Ramsey and the commissioners had everything planned, and acted with such good judgment that they accomplished what they wished. On our return home across

the prairie, we lost our way and were several hours getting back on the right trail, so we arrived home late in the evening.

Fifty-one years later I met these tribes of Indians, or rather members of these two tribes, amid very different surroundings and on a very different occasion; it was at the funeral of our beloved Bishop Whipple, held in the cathedral at Faribault. A band of Christian Chippewas and a band of Christian Sioux came to show their love for one who had been to them truly an apostle; each band had a share in the service, one band singing a hymn in their native language during the service in the cathedral, and the other band singing outside the cathedral at the close of the service. I, who had known them when to meet was to murder each other, could not but marvel at the power of Christ which could convert deadly enemies into brothers. The hymns they sang were much more effective as funeral hymns than those rendered by the cathedral choir; and I remember feeling this same way when attending the memorial service for Queen Victoria in Honolulu. The native Hawaiians sang at that service, and their music was pathetic and solemn, being much better adapted to a mournful occasion than that of the American choir.

My second river excursion was enjoyed on the first steamboat that made an exploring trip up the Minnesota river. On the morning of June 28, 1850, the Anthony Wayne under charge of Captain Dan Able left St. Paul for a journey up the 34 530 unknown waters of the St. Peter river, now called the Minnesota. There was a gay crowd on board, composed of our most prominent citizens, with quite a number of young men and women who later grew to be the bone and sinew of our great Northwest. At this time I was the guest of Mrs. Edmund Rice of St. Paul, in whose home I met the gentleman who was my escort on the excursion; he was Gen. Sylvanus B. Lowry of Stearns county, whose principal city, St. Cloud, was then a small village. General Lowry was a Kentuckian by birth, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and had all the polish of a wellborn gentleman. We had a band of music on board, and also a quantity of fireworks, which were to be fired off the night we reached the highest point on the river. I shall never forget the beauty of that ride; the vegetation was perfect, as it always is in this climate in June; the banks were gay with

wild flowers of gorgeous hues, and acres and acres of wild roses covered the islands we passed by. We landed at various points, amusing ourselves by gathering flowers and walking through grass a foot or more in height. Sunset brought us to a mission station, now the city of Shakopee, and the missionary in charge was the Rev. Samuel W. Pond.

The Indians there were Sioux or Dacotahs; they had never seen such a monster as a steamboat, and were so excited that Mr. Pond would not let us set off the fire works, and said that the Indians probably could not be restrained and might cause great trouble. The night was anything but peaceful, however; it was not the Indians who disturbed us, but billions upon billions of mosquitoes; they filled the air, and the walls of our cabin were black with them; we walked the deck all night fighting them off. In the morning the captain concluded he had reached the highest point to which it was safe to go and turned homeward; aside from the plague of mosquitoes, we had a jolly time dancing and feasting to our heart's content. Again my greatest admirers on this trip were some half-civilized Indians who often touched my curly hair, saying, in their language, “Pretty, pretty.”

My mother's health not being very good, my brother William thought it best for her to visit her old home in Kentucky, 531 and accordingly arrangements were made for us to spend the winter of 1850–51 in the South; we were to leave St. Paul on the last steamboat of the season, about the first of November, and we boarded in St. Paul at the Central House a few days waiting for the steamer. At the hotel we found Miss Harriet E. Bishop prepared to be a passenger also; we were much surprised to find that she had decided to leave, thinking her more permanently established than many others. But a great disappointment had come into her life, and as her story was quite romantic and unusual for those days, I shall tell it here.

In 1848 Governor Slade of Vermont, who was much interested in educational matters, sent out two teachers to Minnesota; they were Miss Amanda Horsford (later Mrs. H. L. Moss) to Stillwater, and Miss Bishop to St. Paul. One year later he sent Miss Backus to St. Anthony. Miss Bishop found St. Paul an Indian half-breed village with a very few white people, but

she opened the first school here in a log hut and did her duty faithfully to her pupils. As I have before said, she was the first one to greet us on our arrival in May, 1849, and she became quite intimate in our family and was always a welcome visitor.

Miss Bishop became engaged to Mr. James K. Humphrey, a young lawyer of St. Paul, and some years younger than herself, but not her equal intellectually. She was devoted to him, and during all one summer had planned to be married in the fall; Mr. Humphrey had built a pretty cottage on Irvine Park; the trousseau had been completed, and everything was going smoothly; but, alas, there was a rock ahead which made shipwreck of all these fond anticipations and plans. Mr. Humphrey's sister, Mrs. Selby, came back from the East, where she had been spending the summer, and she forbade the bans; her only reason stated was that Miss Bishop was older than her brother; and he then and there proved our opinion of him, that he was weak, and broke the engagement. Miss Bishop was broken-hearted and decided she could not remain in St. Paul; we all sympathized with her, but thought that she would realize after a time that he had not been worthy of her love. Nevertheless the result was that her life was wrecked and she 532 seemed to lose her fine mental balance. She married a few years after this, and was the author of a historical book entitled “Dakota War Whoop, or Indian Massacres and War in Minnesota, of 1862–3;” but she had lost her prestige as Miss Bishop, and twenty years later she died in this city, almost unknown. An island in the river was named Harriet after her, and today this island is covered with the Public Baths and Playgrounds, so that in a certain sense her name will always be connected with the education and enlightenment of youth.

Upon our arrival South, it was thought best that I should spend a few months in a boarding-school in Quincy, Illinois, my former home. The school was organized and run by Catherine Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher; the teachers were all from Boston and very celebrated women. I had the privilege of selecting my studies, and chose music, Latin, French, and history. Mrs. Dana, an aunt of Richard Dana, author of “Two Years

Before the Mast," was the history teacher; and her daughter, Miss Dana, taught Latin and French.

In June, 1851, my mother and I returned to Minnesota and to our home in St. Anthony. The trip by steamboat from Quincy to St. Paul was delightful in the beautiful summer weather; the present generation cannot realize what the Mississippi was and still is.

The summer of 1851 passed very much as did the summer of '49; numerous tourists came to view the country, and many became permanent residents. One especially interesting event of that summer was the visit of the Swedish authoress, Fredrika Bremer; she was the guest of Governor and Mrs. Ramsey, and they brought her to St. Anthony Falls to enjoy its beauty. They called on my mother, and later my brother William and I accompanied them on a visit to Mrs. North, who lived on Nicollet island.

It is very hard to believe that sixty years ago that island had only one house on it, and that one built of logs; it was also heavily wooded, and in its wild state was very beautiful. There was no bridge connecting it with the main land; the crossing had to be made on the pine logs lying in the mill dam 533 above the sawmills. Mrs. North was a fine musician, and I had taken music lessons from her, and so I had become quite accomplished in making this dangerous passage every day. But naturally Miss Bremer was terrified at the prospect, and Governor Ramsey and my brother had to use their best persuasive powers to get her started on the perilous journey. Fortunately the logs nearer the mill were more tightly jammed, and the noted authoress reached the island safely. Mrs. North entertained us with some of the finest selections of music, both vocal and instrumental, and at the conclusion of our visit we returned to the main shore over the same log jam. I remember one remark of Miss Bremer on that memorable visit; she was asked to sing, but declined, saying, "I only sing for God in the church, and for little children."

When I now visit the city of Minneapolis and see Nicollet island, with its streets and row upon row of houses, street cars crossing it, and bridges on either side, I think progress is

all utilitarian. No grand cataract, no magnificent forest trees, no majestic river, are there now; but everything has been bound and fettered, to add to the wealth and comfort of man. I am glad that I lived in the wild days when nature reigned supreme.

In the fall of 1851 I went to Rock Island, Illinois, to act as bridesmaid to my friend, Miss Slaymaker, and while I was away my family made a momentous change. My brothers had decided that the future of St. Anthony would be greatly retarded from the fact that the water power was in litigation, and that it might be years before the lawsuits would end and the power could be used; but they knew that St. Paul, as the head of navigation, was bound to be a commercial city, and so they decided to remove to this place. Then, too, the strife between the “Twin Cities,” as they were fain to be called, was well begun.

St. Anthony residents contended that their city was the head of navigation; and indeed, to prove it, one steamboat was induced to ascend the river as far as Cheever's landing, a point near where the University now stands. The citizens of St. Anthony made a great celebration over the event, and in the evening a dance on board the boat was given; but on the return 534 of the boat to St. Paul, the captain said that nothing would ever induce him to take that risk again. He had not expected to reach St. Paul without the loss of the boat, and perhaps of life; but we passengers knew nothing of the danger and enjoyed it all. As far as I know, that was the first and last time a boat reached Cheever's landing.

On my return to St. Paul from the wedding, I found my family living there. My brother had bought several lots on Irvine Park, and had a much more comfortable house than the one we had in St. Anthony.

The winter of 1851–2 was spent very pleasantly; small dancing parties were given, and many sleigh rides were taken on the river to Fort Snelling. In the spring of '52 my brother Joseph kept the house on Irvine Park, and my brother William bought a house on the northwest corner of Rice Park and Fourth street, into which my mother, himself, and I moved. In this house I was married, and in it my mother died; it has long since been torn

down, and the only thing left to remind me of those old days is a maple tree, one of a row that my mother had transplanted there; it still flourishes, but each spring I expect it will disappear to give place to modern improvements.

In this locality was the First Methodist Church; it was built in 1849, and was used as a place of worship by the Methodists for many years; later it was occupied by the New Jerusalem or Swedenborgian congregation; it still stands to remind us of the day of small things, in contrast to the present beautiful Methodist church edifice just completed in a fashionable part of the city. I do not think that one member of the congregation who worshipped in the little brick church on Rice Park in 1849 is now living. Truly, man passes away like a shadow, but “the word of God abideth forever.”

In 1852–3 my brothers had a hardware store on Washington street, near the corner of Fourth street; they sold it to John Nicols, and it is now a large wholesale store, the firm name being “Nicols, Dean & Gregg,” two of the proprietors being son and son-in-law of the Mr. Nicols who purchased it from my brothers. Afterward my brothers organized a bank that failed in the great panic of 1857, which was so general 535 that not one citizen of the Northwest escaped the crash; business houses fell down like card houses. Every one had to start anew to build up his fortune, but all being young and full of energy we went to work immediately; in a few years we had forgotten the trials and economies of the panic, which really lasted until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861.

As I think of those years, I cannot remember that the loss of money made any of us unhappy; we all went down together, and we were all willing to economize and live plainly, entertaining our friends and having a happy time in a simple way. Youth, happy youth, always hopeful, looks forward to the good time, which most of us realized.

We were living on Rice Park when I met my husband. I was taking tea with Miss Day, a friend of mine who was visiting her brother who lived on the corner of Wabasha and Tenth streets, opposite the old Capitol, and in the evening two young gentlemen called

on us, Mr. William P. Murray and Mr. Alexander H. Cathcart. I had never met either gentleman before; the evening passed pleasantly, and in a few days, having asked my permission, both gentlemen called at our house. The winter of 1852–3 was a gay one, and my acquaintance with Mr. Cathcart progressed so rapidly that I was engaged to him in the spring, and we were married the following November on the tenth day of the month. Mr. Cathcart, born and raised in Toronto, Canada, was a member of the Church of England, and at his request, we were married by an Episcopal clergyman. After our marriage we attended Christ Church, became communicants of the church, and I am still a member, having completed my sixtieth year of enjoyment of this great privilege.

My mother had been failing in health for a year or more, and died in January, 1854; her grave was one of the first in Oakland Cemetery. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, on Third street midway between Market and St. Peter streets, of which the Rev. Edward D. Neill was pastor.

My marriage and my mother's death brought great changes to our household, and in the spring of '54 we left the home on Fourth street and for a few months lived on Seventh street below Broadway. We then bought a house on Robert street, at 536 that time a very pleasant location, though now one of the most forlorn parts of the city. The little cottage is still standing, and it is hard to realize that it was once a comfortable and happy home.

In the fall of 1857 my husband purchased a newly built residence on Summit avenue between Rice and St. Peter streets; at that time this location was one of the best in the city. The block opposite our home was owned by the Episcopal Church, and it was expected that the future bishop's residence and the cathedral would be built on those grounds.

The three clergymen, Dr. Breck, Rev. Mr. Wilcoxson, and Rev. Mr. Merrick, occupied a building there; the grounds were beautiful, each clergyman having a flower garden amidst the fine native oak trees; this gave us a charming outlook, and we felt settled for

life. Alas, how uncertain life is! Now that fine neighborhood has deteriorated; the mission property has been allowed to go to rack and ruin; boarding houses have crowded in, and the bishop's residence and cathedral are in Faribault.

When we moved to the Summit avenue home, no grading had been done on either Rice street or St. Peter street. The ascent up St. Peter street was very steep, and the road ran through a Roman Catholic cemetery, one of the first to be located in the city. A little below, we crossed the street in front of the old Capitol on Wabasha street on a plank walk elevated a few feet, as all the ground below the St. Peter street hill was then a tamarack swamp; the trees had been cut down, but the swamp was not yet drained. It is very difficult now to realize that this condition existed, when I see that part of the city so closely built up with large substantial houses; and it seems like a dream when my mind, going back to 1857 and the following years, recalls the many nights I worried about my husband's returning after nightfall across that swamp, and lest he should stumble into one of the empty graves in the cemetery. Gradually this cemetery was removed, and when St. Peter street was graded and the mission grounds leased to a company who were to build the Park Place Hotel, it became necessary to remove all the bodies remaining; it was a gruesome 537 sight to see wagon load after wagon load of them taken away.

On the mission grounds there was a spring of water, which was supposed to contain a great deal of iron, and the good clergymen had it so arranged that people generally could drink the water, thinking it very beneficial; but, like many other so-called health-giving remedies, it proved, on being analyzed, to have no medicinal qualities at all, but to be only the seepings of the tamarack swamp.

The panic did not materially affect Mr. Cathcart's business until 1862, when he compromised with his creditors, by giving or assigning to them all his property, and continued to carry on his dry goods store, the largest one in the city. We removed from our homestead on Summit avenue, between Rice and St. Peter streets, to another house on Summit avenue near where James J. Hill now lives. This house was built by Mr.

Masterson, a young lawyer, who went East and brought back his bride to this far Western home, but his visions of happiness disappeared within two years, as his wife died; the house was closed, and it was not again occupied until we moved into it in the spring of 1863.

Mr. Masterson had planted grape vines on his terraces, and also pear and peach trees; he was fond of gardening and took great care of the little orchard. Knowing that peaches and pears were too tender to endure our cold climate very well, he dwarfed the trees, training the branches on the ground so that they could be well covered during the winter; as a reward for this skillful care, the trees and vines were all bearing fruit in the fall of '63. He was proud of the results of his labor, as well as he might be; these delicate fruits had never before been raised in this climate out of doors, and, as far as my knowledge extends, they have never been grown successfully up to this time, 1913. Grapes of a hardy variety are grown in abundance, but Mr. Masterson was able to raise the choice varieties which have never been cultivated so far north.

Wishing to give his friends a rare treat, he invited over a hundred of them to partake of the fruit on the lawn surrounding his former home, and urged every one to eat all he or she 538 could, afterward distributing what was left among them. Our family received a quantity of pears, which being kept in a dark place improved with age. I have written about this little attempt at fruit growing in early days because I am almost the only one left to remember this feasting on fruit which was supposed impossible to be raised in Minnesota; but Mr. Masterson's enthusiasm expired after he had proved his experiment to be successful, and he allowed both grape vines and fruit trees to die out, so that there was never again such a picnic on those grounds. A fine residence has now replaced the house built for his bride, and an automobile garage occupies the terrace where his grape vines grew.

Summit avenue was a lonely place at this time. Between it and Selby avenue stood a dense forest of native oaks, and the few houses were separated by large, unoccupied grounds. Many and many a night, after the Indian massacre of 1862, have I lain awake

listening for the Indian warwhoop, and thinking how easily they could come through the woods and kill us all.

Our present inhabitants, in their palatial homes that line our famous avenue, may think that I am drawing on my imagination in giving these pen pictures, but it is all true.

The foregoing reminiscences have told some of the incidents of the Territorial days and the early statehood of Minnesota; and I wish now to emphasize the social life and qualities of some of my early friends and acquaintances.

As I have said, the Twin Cities were particularly fortunate in the class of young men which they attracted. They were mostly college-bred men from fine families, who had the enterprise and enthusiasm to test Horace Greeley's advice, “Go West, young man, go West.”

Those who went to St. Anthony have proved what they could do by the wonderful city of Minneapolis, which in time absorbed the town of St. Anthony. Almost all the pioneer founders have passed into the Great Unknown, but “their works do follow them.” The little village has become a great and mighty city, known all over the world in sending the “staff of life” to its utmost bounds.

St. Paul, being the head of navigation, and the state capital, attracted the commercially and politically inclined; many of the young men who came here were budding lawyers, prospective merchants, and bankers. They had so much energy that they did not sit down and wait for business,—indeed, that would have been a weary waiting,—but set to work at the first task that offered itself; some who afterwards became famous as lawyers and bankers, taught school, did carpenter work, or employed their time in other ways earning an honest penny. Most of them had become engaged to be married before coming out

here, and as soon as they could make and keep a home they brought their brides here, and then began the social life of our city.

As early as the years 1843–4 some of the most prominent citizens were living at Fort Snelling and Mendota. Henry H. Sibley married Miss Steele in '43, and when Governor Ramsey came in May, '49, he and his wife were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Sibley in their hospitable home at Mendota. Franklin Steele, Mrs. Sibley's brother, was then sutler at the fort, and he had a charming wife who became a leader in the social life of our city.

I must not neglect to give due honour to the very earliest pioneer women, Mrs. John R. Irvine and Mrs. Jacob Bass. We forty-niners found them here, and they antedated us by several years. Mrs. Irvine came in the year 1843, and endured great hardships in the truly pioneer days; she was a remarkably handsome woman, and her mental characteristics equalled her physical beauty; through all the trying yars before this Northwest could be called civilized she kept her womanly qualities, and when refined social life displaced the early frontier society, Mrs. Irvine took her place among the best; during the many years she was permitted to live in our midst, she was prominent in all good works, and died at a good old age, greatly regretted.

Mrs. Bass came, a very young bride, to the French and half-breed village called St. Paul, and assisted her husband in welcoming the new comers whom every steamboat brought to the newly organized Territory. I remember well the pleasant 540 greeting which my mother and I received on reaching the St. Paul House, after the dreary landing at what seemed to us the end of civilized life. Mrs. Bass was then the mother of two sons, one aged six years and the other six months. Edgar, the elder, and I became friends and spent part of each day picking flowers in a deep ravine back of the hotel, and decorating the dining-room table. The difference of twelve years in our ages did not prevent our comradeship, as Edgar was a manly little fellow; he became an officer in the U. S. army, and is now on the retired list. Mrs. Bass helped greatly in the formative period of our social life, and when her husband became wealthy and built a beautiful home on Woodward

avenue, she entertained in a most hospitable manner; and, by the way, their house was the first one in St. Paul to have French plate glass windows. She died this past summer, 1913, and we all feel that our city has been made the better for her life.

Ex-Governor Marshall, in his address before the old settlers of Hennepin county, considered the coming of Henry M. Rice the turning point in favor of St. Paul. Socially it was a most fortunate incident, for Mr. Rice brought his bride, a charming Southern girl, in the spring of '49, and they began housekeeping in a cottage he built on Third street near what is now Washington street; this cottage was beautifully furnished, and it was the beginning of one of our loveliest homes. Mr. Rice had the task of removing the Winnebago Indians from their reservation at Fort Atkinson in 1848; it was a most difficult undertaking, as the Indians were very unwilling to move to the cold Northwest. While superintending the removal of this tribe, he became interested in St. Paul and bought an interest in the village from John R. Irvine; this property was surveyed and called Rice and Irvine's Addition, and afterward it became an important part of the city.

Another addition to the social life of 1849 was the arrival in July of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rice, with Mr. Rice's sister, who later, in 1851, married Mr. William Hollinshead, a prominent lawyer from Philadelphia. Mr. Rice being a lawyer, a law firm was established bearing the name, “Rice, Hollinshead & Becker.”

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Another charming family came that same summer, Rev. Edward D. Neill and wife; Mr. Neill purchased a lot on the corner of Fourth street and Rice Park, and built a two story brick house, which was a most attractive home for many years. This was the first brick dwelling house in the city. Mrs. Neill, a very attractive lady, became a social power, standing for the best religiously and socially. Mr. Neill built a small chapel on Washington street during the summer of '49, and this chapel was the progenitor of the First Presbyterian Church built on Third street in 1850; unfortunately this chapel was burned down in the winter of that same year.

Mr. J. W. Selby and his family came in '49 also; they came from Ohio, and after looking around Mr. Selby decided to buy a farm adjoining the village; this farm extended from what is now College avenue to Dale street, and from Dayton avenue to Summit avenue. On hearing of this purchase, Mr. Rice said, “What a fool Selby is to go out into the woods.” Mr. Selby built a very small cottage on the hill near where the First Methodist Church (now abandoned) stands; St. Anthony hill, as it was called, was very steep and had a tamarack swamp at its foot, crossed by a corduroy bridge. After the arrival of Mrs. Selby, with her sister and an attractive young brother, this home became the social center for young people, and one of the chief winter diversions was coasting down hill in front of their house, where Selby avenue now is. After some years Mr. Selby built a very handsome residence on Dayton avenue, on a lot which ran back to Selby avenue. I can well remember the time when Mr. Selby's cows and horses pastured luxuriously on this farm site, and I felt the force of Mr. Rice's comment; but now these “woods” are in the most thickly settled portion of the city. Mr. Selby died before his property became very valuable, however; his widow sold the homestead to Norman Kittson for a large sum, and Mr. Kittson built a grand house on the site of it. Since his death the mansion has made way for the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is now in process of erection. Mr. and Mrs. Selby were devout Presbyterians, Mr. Selby being an elder in the First Presbyterian Church and an ardent supporter of the pastor, Rev. E. D. Neill. 542 I trust their knowledge is now so developed in the Great Beyond that their souls are not vexed by the cathedral occupying their old home site.

In May, 1849, Dr. Charles William Wulff Borup and his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles H. Oakes, came to St. Paul and added much to our social life. Both gentlemen married wives of mixed French and Indian blood, who were sisters and had been well educated in an eastern school; they were ladies and a great addition to our little circle. Both men built attractive homes, much more modern than any other in our embryo town; Dr. Borup's occupied a city block fronting on Ninth street, and his garden and hothouses were the admiration of our citizens for many years. Mr. Oakes' residence was on Eighth street, and

at that time and for several years later Eighth street from Jackson to Broadway was the fashionable part of the city and boasted many handsome houses.

We are indebted to Dr. Borup for the first musical cultivation in St. Paul; he was very fond of music, had a fine musical education, and his family of several daughters inherited his talent and became fine pianists under his training. After his home was finished, Dr. Borup gave frequent musicals in which local talent assisted, and one of these local musicians became the founder and principal supporter of the later musical societies of St. Paul. Richards Gordon's name and the work he accomplished are well known, but back of him great credit should be given to Dr. Borup for the high standard he set as the musical impulse of our people. The entertainments given by Mrs. Borup and Mrs. Oakes were of the most refined type, and I feel sure that any one attending them could easily have imagined she was in an eastern city, instead of a frontier town in the extreme Northwest.

One of the young men who came in '49 was Dr. David Day; he had not selected his bride then, but waited several years before he brought from Pittsburg a most charming young woman, indeed a very young woman, only eighteen; she was the daughter of General Butler of the Untied States army. Dr. Day died some years since, but his widow and lovely daughter are still with us, and no social function is complete without 543 dear Mrs. Day. I must also mention here Mrs. Day's older sister, the widow of Senator McMillan; the senator and his wife came to Stillwater in 1854, and to St. Paul in '56. Senator McMillan's ancestors were Scotch-Irish, descendants of the Covenanters, and his religion was a part of his life never laid aside, but Sunday and week days the same. His wife fully agreed with him, and their family was raised to truly love God and their fellow men; no personal sacrifice was too great to show their loyalty to God and his divine laws, or to help their neighbor. Mrs. McMillan is still with us, and surely her children and grand-children “rise up and call her blessed.”

In 1849 Mr. Henry L. Moss, a young lawyer of Stillwater, married Miss Horsford and brought her to St. Paul to live; Miss Horsford was one of the teachers sent out by Governor

Slade, you remember, at the request of Dr. Williamson, one of the early missionaries, and she had settled in Stillwater, an older place than St. Paul and larger at that time. Mrs. Moss was a remarkably intelligent, well educated woman, petite and attractive in appearance, and greatly interested in all philanthropic work. Mr. Moss built a home on Exchange street, near Irvine Park, where they lived for over fifty years. They gave many notable entertainments, of which two should go down into history, the one in 1874 when they celebrated their silver wedding, and the other in 1899 on the occasion of their golden wedding.

Among the early merchants were three brothers who came to St. Paul in 1849; they built a two-story building on Third street near what is now Exchange street, and this building is still standing and apparently will last another half century. These brothers were Abram, Edwin, and Charles Elfelt, sons of a Jewish family in Philadelphia; this family belonged to a very high class of Jews, the same from which Walter Scott took his character of Rebecca in Ivanhoe. It was Washington Irving who told Scott about her; she was a Gratz, and in her grandfather's time Jefferson was often a guest at his house. A great-granddaughter, married to a cousin of Ex-Governor Marshall, told him that Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence in her great-grandfather's house.

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The Elfelts were refined, cultivated men; they opened a fine stock of dry goods in their new building, and for several years they had the leading dry goods store in the city. In 1852 Mr. Abram Elfelt brought his bride from Philadelphia, a most beautiful woman, who became a social leader; their daughter, Mrs. Bramhall, is now prominent in advancing plans to improve our civic life, and especially in conserving our forests. Mr. Elfelt built a modern house on the west side of Irvine Park, and furnished it with furniture brought from Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Elfelt were most hospitable, and many dancing parties were given in their beautifully appointed home.

The second story of the Elfelts' dry goods store was a hall, which was called Mazurka Hall, and it filled a great need during several years; almost all our public dancing parties were held there, and many public meetings. I often think that this building should be purchased by the city, to be preserved as an historical relic. It is sad for us pioneers to see building after building demolished, which rendered such great service in the early days; and many times not even the site is preserved, but all must give way to progress.

Many have written about the pioneer men, but very little has been told of the pioneer women who came from luxurious eastern homes to endure the hardships of our border life. How nobly they bore them, and what brave men and women they reared to take their places and carry on their work of advancing Christianity and civilization in this great territory.

Among the most notable of these women stood Mrs. Ramsey, the Governor's wife; she was not only queenly in appearance, but had most charming manners. Her Quaker education had given her simplicity, which, combined with cordiality, impressed one with the genuineness of her character; no one for an instant could think she was acting a part. Her tone of voice and manner of talking were so fascinating that I loved to listen to her. She was the same charming personality after returning from Washington, where Governor Ramsey had served as Secretary of War and of the Treasury; no worldly prosperity could change her. The last entertainment she 545 gave was a reception, perhaps two years before she died; after the reception she was criticized for being close, as she had neither flowers nor music. All the disagreeable things said came to her ears, and she said to me, “I gave that reception without flowers or music on purpose; I could have had both, but I wanted to show my friends that a reception could be given in a simple way. It was the kind of an entertainment that most of our citizens can afford to give, and I wanted to rebuke the extravagance of our friends of moderate circumstances.” Her death was a great loss to our city, where she dominated society and set a sensible example to our citizens.

Mrs. Goodhue, wife of James M. Goodhue, the founder and editor of our first newspaper, The Pioneer, was a woman of unusual intellectual ability and very great social qualities. She not only kept her household in order, but could edit her husband's newspaper in an emergency. Her sister, Miss Cordelia Kneeland, lived with her, a young lady whose great wit and conversational talents made a success of many of our social entertainments.

Indeed, when I think of the fall of 1849 and the winter of 1850, I cannot imagine a finer society than existed in the villages of Mendota, St. Paul, and St. Anthony, and at Fort Snelling, small as the numbers were. All attended the social functions given in St. Paul, and, with the regimental band from the fort for music, the parties could not fail of being a success. Most of the entertainments had to be given in a hall or hotel, of course, as the few private homes were too small to accommodate them.

In July, 1850, Colonel Robertson of Ohio became a citizen of St. Paul; and his wife, a very attractive young matron, became noted for her hospitality. She was the first person to have regular “at home” days. Her sister, bride of Lafayette Emmett (afterward Judge Emmett), was also a most charming hostess and both Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Emmett were for many years a social and intellectual force among us.

In the spring of 1851 General James H. Simpson arrived, accompanied by his wife and a young sister-in-law, Miss Champlin. Mrs. Simpson was a fine pianist, and proved an added 35 546 inspiration to our musical society, taking part in the musical entertainments given by Dr. Borup. Her brother, Mr. Champlin, married Dr. Borup's oldest daughter. Mrs. Simpson was not only a cultivated musician, but a very fine conversationalist, and had a very cheerful, bright disposition, always seeing the humorous side of life. Such a cheerful temperament endeared her to her friends, who, however despondent, always felt happier after an interview with her. Both the General and his wife were devout Christians, members of Christ Church, and were a great help in sustaining the parish in its formative period; both have passed away years since, but their works live after them.

Miss Champlin married John B. Cook, and for many years dispensed a gracious hospitality in the city; both have now joined the great majority across the “dark river.”

In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Willes came from Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. Willes coming on her wedding trip; they bought a home on Irvine Park, adding another to our attractive homes. Mrs. Willes was beautiful and refined, worthy to join the group composed of Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Sibley, and others of our company forming the best society. Mr. Willes had the advantage of some of our young men, in that he was well to do and could help in civic improvements in many ways. Mrs. Willes is still with us, and her children and grandchildren are leaders in social and intellectual life.

In May, 1853, Governor Gorman came with his family; Mrs. Gorman did the honors of the governor's mansion in a most gracious way; she was fond of entertaining, and during her husband's term of office, and for several years after, kept open house for all, and many were the social gatherings that were enjoyed there. The most notable event, perhaps, was the marriage of her eldest daughter to Harvey Officer, a rising young lawyer of St. Paul; the wedding ceremony and reception were held at the home, and nothing was lacking to make the occasion a society function equal to a wedding of these latter days.

Mrs. Gorman's sister, wife of Robert A. Smith, many times Mayor of St. Paul, was a great assistance to Mrs. Gorman in 547 entertaining; she is still living, and although her later years have been spent in caring for an invalid husband, she is remembered as a gracious entertainer, not only at Mrs. Gorman's, but later at her own home on Summit avenue. May she be with us many days to come!

Another most charming woman must not be forgotten, Mrs. Prince, wife of the late John S. Prince, one of the most prominent early bankers; upon her arrival here, in 1854, she took her place as a leader in society. Mr. Prince built a most attractive home in lower town, and from the time it was occupied until his death no home in the city equalled it in hospitality; delightful entertainments for both old and young were given, and to be welcomed by Mr.

and Mrs. Prince was an event in one's life. I remember one occasion when a children's party was in full swing; Mr. Egbert Thompson came in and in a depressed manner said, “Well, I have missed it all my life; when I was young, children were of no account, and now, when I am old, old people are of no account.” Mrs. Prince lived to a good old age, dying this past summer, 1913; each year of her life was a benediction to her children and her friends.

Yet another of the women who came in 1853 is with us, Mrs. Hunt, widow of Mr. Edgar Hunt; she is a deeply religious woman, and has been a power for good in the Episcopal Church, as well as in the community; her children and grand-children have followed in her footsteps, and are active workers in church and society for the uplift of all.

In March, 1854, William R. Marshall brought his bride from Utica, N. Y.; she was the daughter of George Langford, a banker, and was connected with the most prominent families of Onedia county. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall began housekeeping on the corner of Fourth street and Rice Park; Mrs. Marshall, having been reared in the center of culture and refinement, brought these qualities into her new home, and for forty years she was a most delightful hostess.

Through her influence, two of her sisters also became residents of St. Paul; one was the wife of William Spencer, son of Joshua Spencer, the most noted lawyer of New York; and one was the wife of James W. Taylor, who became prominent as our 548 consul at Winnipeg, being held in such esteem by the English that at his death the flag of Windsor Castle was lowered. Both these women had a delightful personality, and took a leading part in social life for many years; they were also most efficient in helping to care for the sick, in the days before trained nurses, or indeed any kind of nurses, were here. In those days kind neighbors went and ministered to the helpless ones; and many now living can remember how the anxieties attending the sick bed were removed when Mrs. Spencer appeared, and many a dying one's last hours were comforted and soothed by her gentle

words and tender ministrations. Children and grandchildren are living in our midst and “rise up to call her blessed.”

Mrs. Marshall also influenced two young brothers to join her in the fall of 1854, and these brothers became permanent citizens. Mr. Nathaniel P. Langford died in October, 1911, greatly lamented, having taken an active part in all our civic affairs and always for the benefit of the city. The other brother, Augustine G. Langford, married Elizabeth Robertson, daughter of Col. D. A. Robertson; he died in Denver many years since, but the sons, Nathaniel and William Langford, are among our best business men, and, no doubt, their children will follow in their footsteps.

In 1860 Miss Fanny Spencer visited her brother, William Spencer, and during this visit she met Mr. Amherst H. Wilder, who immediately fell in love with her; they were married in 1861, and settled permanently in St. Paul. This marriage proved a very important event for the city, not only in starting a new home and adding to the social life, but eventually in founding the “Wilder Charity,” which will continue to benefit the worthy poor among us for all time. Mrs. Wilder was a very superior woman; she had a fine education, and all her early life had been spent in the midst of intellectual and cultivated society; the guests in her father's house were such men as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and she imbibed from her earliest years a love for things which make for refinement and culture. She excelled in conversation, and could maintain her side in argument with the most highly educated men. A sad calamity it was to St. Paul when the Wilder family, father, 549 mother, and daughter, Mrs. Appleby, passed away within a few years of each other.

So, indirectly, the coming of Mrs. Marshall brought a number of people who have added to our growth both in intellectual advancement and wealth.

In the spring of 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Coleman came here from Canada; they resided in St. Paul several years, and afterward in Iowa, but returned here in 1877. Mr. Coleman invested largely in real estate, and also bought stock in one of our banks;

the family consisted of two daughters, Jenny and Emily, and a sister of Mrs. Coleman. Mrs. Coleman and her sister, Miss Newington, at once became important members of our circle, having moved in the best society in Canada, and we all know an educated Englishwoman cannot be excelled in refinement and good manners. Mrs. Coleman played delightfully, and many impromptu dances were indebted to her for the music which added so much to the enjoyment of the young people. Mr. Coleman purchased the Brown residence, which afterwards was sold to the city for a hospital, and their home became a place where young people loved to congregate. Miss Newington some years later became the wife of Ex-Governor Gorman, and for many years led in church work and philanthropic and social activities. Miss Jenny Coleman, the older daughter, married Mr. G. W. Armstrong, a young lawyer, and their sons, James and John, today rank among our most useful citizens; one is a lawyer and one a physician, continuing the good work begun by their father and grandfather. Mrs. Armstrong is now living, a most gracious lady beloved by all who know her.

I hope I have done justice to a few of the pioneer women who bore the heat and burden of the day; we were truly blessed in the character of these women who laid the foundation of our family and social life; their children and grandchildren have maintained their principles, so that St. Paul is known as one of the most refined cities in the Union. I have mentioned only a few of the gracious, charming women who made their home among us then; but I have neither strength nor time to write of the many who came after 1854, and who kept up the high moral and intellectual standard of their predecessors.

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Our method of entertaining in those early days made us all like one family, each of our friends, or perhaps only a certain number of our friends, contributing to the menu; this was made necessary because we had no public caterers and our domestic help was very inexperienced. One of the wonders of that time was what famous housekeepers and cooks our ignorant, helpless brides became; after sixty years the mention of their names brings to mind the savor of good viands. When an entertainment was planned, one would send

the salad, another the rolls, and another the cake, etc.; the hostess had very little to do, except to see that her house was in order; and she, of course, returned those favors when her friends entertained. I was amused and reminded of old times, when celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of my arrival in St. Paul, by having some of the older friends say to me, “Why did you not ask me to make the salad?” or “Why did you not send to me for cake?” and “I expected to have to send you some lamps.” When I was married, Mrs. Goodhue made the bride's cake, and Mrs. Emmett and Mrs. Simpson assisted in making the fruit cake, salad, etc., for the supper. Such close intimacy endeared us to each other, and the bonds of friendship lasted all through our lives.

During those days surprise parties were quite common, or at least so-called surprise parties; but the lady of the house that was intended to be surprised always had a hint that something unusual might occur on such and such an evening. We generally received a hospitable welcome, and soon the dancing began and a delightful evening was spent.

One party, however, was made more of a surprise to the guests than to the host and hostess. In the family of one of our prominent citizens there was a young lady visiting; the young people thought it would be all right to take music and refreshments and surprise the hostess and her guest in the customary way. The hint was duly given, and the hostess signified that the party would be welcome; everything went off as scheduled; the guests were welcomed by the hostess, as her husband was out of town; dancing began soon, and all were having a merry time, when the host came home quite unexpectedly. He was 551 furious at having his home invaded by uninvited guests, although they were the cream of our little circle, and he told them in no very civil words that when he wanted guests he would invite them. The guests left in double-quick time, and none of them ever entered that house again; the hostess, a lovely woman, never had a social position, or, rather I should say, a position in society. This ended surprise parties among our best society people.

Telling of parties, I must not omit one which proved almost a tragedy; I am not quite sure of the year in which it occurred, but think it was the very cold winter of '55. The party was given by Mr. and Mrs. D. A. J. Baker at their farm, now Merriam Park. There was a stretch of prairie to be crossed, reaching from what is now Mackubin street but then called Marshall's farm, to what is now Snelling avenue. The invited guests started about seven o'clock in sleighs to meet at a rendezvous and go all together, which arrangement proved very fortunate and saved many lives. On reaching the crest of the hill, called St. Anthony hill, a sharp wind met them and the atmosphere became filled with snow in a short time; it was a genuine blizzard. The road was soon obliterated, and the instinct of the horses remained their only guide. Mr. John Cathcart led the line of sleighs, and he said afterward that it was much more like a funeral procession than a prospective dancing party. One or two of the sleighs wandered out from the line, but fortunately reached a house on Governor Ramsey's farm, quite far to the north of University avenue, or, as it was then called, the “Territorial road.” They were fortunate in finding shelter for the night, as otherwise they would have been frozen to death, there being no other house within miles. The party led by Mr. Cathcart finally reached Mr. Baker's, but how it was impossible to tell; several of the party were frostbitten, but only one seriously; a Mr. Wolf had his hands frozen and suffered intensely, but recovered eventually without losing his fingers. My brother William started for Mr. Baker's in a double sleigh drawn by a fine pair of horses, but had gone only a short distance when he turned back, realizing the great danger 552 of being lost in a Minnesota blizzard. However, “All's well that ends well,” and our party returned home the next morning grateful to the Power that guided them safely.

After 1855 immigration came so rapidly that a great change took place in our social life; the family parties were succeeded by social circles formed in the churches, the members feeling that they should become acquainted with each other. A few of us older residents still kept our social compact, but the early custom of all citizens meeting together had to give way to smaller and more formal affairs.

Now, after sixty-four years, few, very few, can remember those youthful, happy, hospitable days in the little French and Indian village which has grown into our great, cosmopolitan City of St. Paul.